

## **Half of My Soul (as the poets say) by Luddleston**

**Category:** Hades (Video Game 2018)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Canonical Character Death, Falling In Love, First Kiss, Fluff and Angst, Friends to Lovers, Hand Jobs, Love Confessions, M/M, Soulmate-Identifying Marks, bottom achilles

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Achilles (Hades Video Game), Patroclus (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

**Relationships:** Achilles/Patroclus (Hades Video Game), Achilles/Patroclus/Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-06-05

**Updated:** 2021-06-05

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 10:54:31

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,958

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

*"They say some of us have souls like the androgyne, that we were split in two and will spend our lives searching for our other halves. They say that the action of being halved leaves a mark, and that two souls which belong to one another will wear such a mark on their skin." Achilles smiled distantly as he finished his story. Then, he pulled his chiton down to bare his shoulder and chest, and pointed at a mark just over his heart.*

Patroclus and Achilles learn that they are soulmates when they are children. When they are separated in the Underworld, they find that these things sometimes change after death.

In that they both have a *second* soul-mark, and it glows as bright as Zagreus does.



## Half of My Soul (as the poets say)

### Author's Note:

- For [MxTicketyBoo](#).

Thank you to Boo for such a wonderful concept! I've never written a soulmate AU before but I think it works well with this myth and I got to put in some of my lil tsoa feels <3 <3

The cool breeze stirred Achilles' hair where he sat in the window the night he explained to Patroclus the myth of the androgyne, and the idea of a soulmate. Patroclus would always remember how loud the sea was that night, although there was no storm on the horizon. Later, he called it a protest from Achilles' mother.

That night, it had simply been a lovely backdrop to the wordless melody Achilles was plucking out on his lyre. Even his absent-minded strumming was beautiful enough that Patroclus wanted to commit it to memory, note for note.

*"They say some of us have souls like the androgyne, that we were split in two and will spend our lives searching for our other halves. They say that the action of being halved leaves a mark, and that two souls which belong to one another will wear such a mark on their skin."* Achilles smiled distantly as he finished his story. Then, he pulled his chiton down to bare his shoulder and chest, and pointed at a mark just over his heart.

Patroclus recalled wondering how he'd never noticed it before. While his own skin bore plenty of marks—freckles and moles and even a scar or two from careless childhood injuries—Achilles never had a single blemish.

He'd never known what exactly the mark on Achilles' chest was shaped like, other than 'vaguely triangular'. He found himself deciding again and again, was it the point of a spear? The curve of his canine tooth? The sickle-shaped tool of Death Incarnate, a sign of Achilles' fated end?

The first time he saw it, he thought it was shaped like the little space made between Achilles' fingers and his lyre-strings.

But he hadn't thought about that much, back then. He was too busy fumbling with his own clothing to think, showing Achilles' the matching soul-mark on his own skin, too busy shivering when Achilles' fingers brushed over the shape on Patroclus' chest. It was harder to spot against Patroclus' dark skin, so Achilles had to lean in very close to look.

They smiled at one another like two people who held a secret between their teeth. How young they were, then. How little they understood what it meant to have such a connection.

All they knew was that it meant they would always be together, that they would face the world hand-in-hand, and it was enough for them.

—

Achilles had touched the soul-mark on Patroclus' chest just before the first time he kissed him. Patroclus had done the same to Achilles the second time they kissed, and it became somewhat of a repeated experience for them, enough that one of them laying a hand on the other's chest became a signal that he would next lean in for a kiss.

That was how things were between them while Achilles was trained as a warrior on Mt. Pelion and Patroclus was trained beside him—at least, that was how things were on the occasions they were allowed to sneak away from Chiron's watchful eyes to put their hands and mouths all over one another, clumsily learning how to express their long-time love for one another anew. A soul-bond such as theirs did not necessarily mean one would fall in love with his other half, but Patroclus thought it true for the two of them.

After all, he thought, as Achilles' warm palm settled on his chest, fingers splayed so that he could see the soul-mark between them, if this was not falling in love, then what was?

—

*"He is mortal. You are more than that, more than mortal, more than him."*

Thetis doubtless knew Patroclus listened in on Achilles' conversations with her, when they happened so close to the window of the room they shared. Her attempts to convince Achilles to stay far away from the front lines of the war with Troy had not swayed him so far, but Achilles was unusually silent after this declaration.

The sea was strangely calm, as though Thetis assumed she had won.

The sound of the waves returned when Achilles replied, *"I may be more than mortal, but I am not more than him. Else the gods would not have made him my other half."*

She persuaded him, in the end, but recalling the declaration Achilles made in that moment still warmed Patroclus to his core.

—

Were another man in Patroclus' position, he may have worried about Achilles' marriage to Deidamia. Or perhaps not, given that Achilles in the guise of Pyrrha had claimed Patroclus as her husband, and given the gossip going around Scyros, thanks to Achilles himself.

*"You know the stories, the myth that some of us have another half?"* It was said louder than need be, because Achilles knew Patroclus was around the corner, fumbling his clothes back into place.

The response was a giggle. *"It's quite a fanciful, romantic notion, Pyrrha!"*

*"It's true. I know, because Patroclus is mine."*

*Patroclus is mine.*

It was said with the unspoken implication that Achilles was his, too.

Later, Patroclus had found a smear of the lipstick Achilles had taken to wearing on his chest, blurring one edge of the soul-mark.

He quite liked belonging to one another.

---

Patroclus, still half-confused by his own existence as a spirit, wanted nothing more than to provide some form of comfort to Achilles. Strange, how he was the one who'd died and yet Achilles was more fragile.

He held Patroclus' cold hand to his chest as he wept, longing for the familiar touch against the outward symbol of the way their fates were tied. If Patroclus had the eyes to weep or the skin to long for his lover's hands, he would feel much the same, he thought. Yet, having not been properly sent down the Styx, he was formless, helpless to do anything but watch Achilles tear himself to bits.

There was a moment, just before Achilles flung himself into the battle that would ultimately change the course of the war and end the course of his life, where he was quiet. It was a deadly silence, the kind of calm that was not really calm at all, but grief curdled into rage that would soon become loud.

In that moment, Patroclus felt as if he was sitting before Achilles, pressing his hand to his beloved's chest, reminding him that they were meant for one another.

Achilles stood up, looked straight through Patroclus' soul and at his body instead, preserved by Apollo so that he might look as if he were sleeping rather than dead, except for the stillness of his chest and the chill of his skin. Then Achilles turned, and all that was quiet inside him erupted, destroying everything in its path, himself included.

---

Souls often became somewhat lost in the shuffle as they entered the Underworld, or so Patroclus assumed. It was the only reasoning he had as to why he walked the fields of Elysium alone, searching for Achilles.

He was no longer a formless ghost, but a shade with an appearance that resembled the one he'd had in life. Well. Except that he still wore Achilles' armor.

He pulled off that armor at one point, stripping to the waist, his heart pounding somehow despite the fact that he was dead. Panic clutched his throat—was his separation from Achilles so great that his soul-mark had vanished as well? Was destiny one of those things that ended after one stepped foot across the threshold of the Underworld?

His sigh of relief echoed across the glade he'd found himself in as he found the soul-mark still there. Today, it looked like a tear-drop.

Patroclus replaced his armor—Achilles' armor—as if wearing it would hold the soul-mark against his skin. He was surprised to find that he was no longer standing. In his panic, he had collapsed. He was seated near a trickle of the Lethe, which he resolved himself never to dare touch (the resolution mostly held). Across the river from him was an enormous statue, a depiction of a hero, tall and proud.

Patroclus imagined that hero was Achilles, and that underneath his stone-carved armor, there was a mark on his chest that also looked like a tear-drop today.

—

Achilles, for what may well have been the first time in his afterlife, found himself laughing.

The source of his mirth was Zagreus, who had given up on the 'sword' part of his swordsmanship training and had launched himself at Achilles bare-handed, turning what had been a sparring session into a wrestling match.

Achilles went along with it. Best let the lad release some of his excess energy, which he had in droves.

He did not, however, allow Zagreus to win.

"I yield!" Zagreus cried, face-down on the ground and still grinning despite it (because of it, maybe). "Let me up, sir—seriously, at this point you're just bullying me!"

"You don't seem to mind my bullying," Achilles said. He did indeed release Zagreus, who shook dust from the courtyard's floor out of his hair.

"Unfortunately, I seem to enjoy when you push me around," Zagreus said. He was partway through righting his clothing, when he noticed the way his tongue had slipped. "I mean! Not in *that* sort of a way."

Zagreus had a tendency to gesture quite expressively when he was upset or overemotional and he was doing it now, nearly whacking Achilles in the nose with one hand. It meant, too, that Achilles noticed something Zagreus' clothing usually hid—a mark on his chest, glowing as bright as his soles did, about the size of Achilles' thumbprint. He couldn't exactly discern the shape unless he got much closer than Zagreus' current frazzled state allowed, and besides, Zagreus pulled his clothing back into place before Achilles could look any longer.

It was the positioning that threw him, right over Zagreus' heart, as his own soul-mark for Patroclus was. Not that he'd looked at his in some time. Being a shade meant he didn't need to bathe or undress ever, which he took advantage of because looking at Patroclus' mark on his chest often provoked him to emotion he would rather staunch.

"...and now you're looking at me funny," Zagreus sighed. "Sir, please, I really didn't—"

"Oh, it wasn't that," Achilles said. He wasn't even really sure what *that* had been. "No, lad, I was wondering about the mark on your chest. It resembles a soul-mark, but I didn't think it was possible for gods to possess those."

Zag pressed his hand over his chest where the mark was hidden under the fold of his chiton. Despite how bright it shone, the thick fabric hid it completely. "It's... well, I'm not entirely sure. Nyx thinks it is a soul-mark, but you're correct, that's typically something only mortals have." He rubbed at his wrist, where there was a bruise developing from Achilles pinning



him. "Granted, only mortals bleed red, too, and yet. I suppose it's simply another way in which I'm impossibly mysterious!"

"You're something, all right," Achilles said, reaching over to ruffle Zagreus' already-unruly hair. Zagreus stretched, seeming unperturbed by the conversation, chatting with him about Cerberus' latest exploits as he walked Achilles back to the hall.

Achilles couldn't help but think of that glowing mark, and couldn't help but feel as if the mark well-hidden under his own armor burned just as hot.

If only he could lay eyes on it without knowing that what was left of him would crumble.

—

It did not take long to realize that the lad had affections for Achilles beyond what he could return. The gifts of one of the most prized substances in the Underworld aside, it was obvious from the way Zagreus smiled at him, leaned in closer than need to be to talk to him, flushed when Achilles praised him and even deeper when Achilles accompanied this praise with a hand on his arm or his shoulder. Achilles recognized the little gestures of affection from when he flirted with Patroclus, and it would have been so easy to lean into Zagreus' warmth if Patroclus were there at his side, sharing Zagreus' attention (because of course he would love Patroclus, they were so similar at times it made Achilles hurt).

When he thought of it, there was a tug in his chest, as if his connection with Patroclus, stretched thin but not severed by their separation, was being plucked like a lyre-string. And so, despite all Zagreus' eager sweetness...

"I... don't want you to get the wrong idea." He could already see Zagreus closing himself off, looking away, the smile on his face turning just the slightest bit sad. "I am alone, yes, but my heart belongs to another. Ever since I was alive. I hope you understand."

Zagreus passed the bottle of nectar between his hands as if to give himself something to do with them. "I... somehow knew that was the case,

Achilles." He held the bottle in his left hand and laid his right over his chest. "When you noticed my mark, here, I wondered if you had your own."

In times like these, despite Zagreus' brashness, Achilles was reminded of how closely he observed other people and how deeply he understood them. "I do have my own," he said.

"I certainly wouldn't want to draw you away from your other half," Zagreus said. "They must be somebody special."

"He is," Achilles agreed. "And I don't doubt that yours is as well. You will find them someday, perhaps once you make your way to the surface. Perhaps you can give this to them."

Zagreus only laughed and more insistently pressed the bottle into Achilles' hand. "I come across these often enough, Achilles. And you do deserve my gifts, even though the context may have changed. Just... don't drown your sorrows, as they seem to make you stronger."

And now, Achilles had no choice but to accept the offering. "Thank you, then, and do not worry about me." He pocketed the gift. "I am long since past my sorrow, and the rage I felt when first my heart was broken. Now it's but another scar. They say it's our scars that give us character." He shifted in place, all too aware of his only literal scar—the mark of a Trojan arrow on his heel, the injury that killed him still visible on his ghost.

—

Zagreus, Achilles decided fervently, needed to be thanked a thousand times over.

His reunion with Patroclus wasn't all the lad's doing, but it had only required the slightest ounce of courage on Achilles' part, the vast majority of the work having been done by the Underworld's prince.

"I feel..." Achilles said, pausing to enjoy Patroclus' mouth against his once again. "Lighter."

"That's because I've taken the armor off you," Patroclus said. "Please do cooperate with me, I should like your clothes to be next."

"I don't think it's only that." He did cooperate.

"Achilles," Patroclus said, "what's that on your chest?"

"Your hand," Achilles replied, but then took pause. "Wait, what *is* that?"

It was a mark, shaped a bit like a leaf or a water-droplet, just to the side of his soul-mark for Patroclus. This one did not appear dark like tattooed ink against his skin—rather, it glowed, bright yellow, almost as if an especially small leaf from Zagreus' laurels had fallen onto his chest and stuck there.

"This is new." He passed his fingers over it, and it was a little warm.

"I wonder..." Patroclus said, and then started removing his own clothes, which did distract Achilles for a moment. It had been a long time since he had seen his lover bare, and he enjoyed the image greatly. On Patroclus' chest, too, there was a golden, glowing mark, the same shape, standing out even more against his dark skin. "Hm. I don't suppose you've heard anything about someone developing a second soul-mark after death, have you?"

"Is that what it is?" Achilles touched Patroclus' as well, and found it equally warm, the same in every way. "It must be. Zagreus has one like this—not the same shape, unless, well. It isn't as if I've really looked at it, I suppose." Just the slightest glimpse, while Zagreus was moving about.

"That is something we ought to figure out," Patroclus said, "later."

"Of course, later," Achilles agreed. "We've better things to do, for now."

Patroclus' hands passed over his bare torso, settling at his waist. "We certainly do."

—

Patroclus was a strange man (with honestly no room to call Zagreus a stranger), and yet he was being even more unusual than Zagreus had come to expect. He kept peering at Zagreus from odd angles, at one point even going so far as to look over Zagreus' shoulder while he was fishing, asking if anything was biting and giving Zagreus such a fright he nearly dropped the rod into the water.

"Well, nothing's going to be biting now," Patroclus said, referring to the way Zagreus had just shouted loud enough to scare off every fish in Elysium.

"And whose fault is that!" Zagreus reeled in the Rod of Fishing, having given up on a catch. "Honestly, sir, what is with you? If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were trying to look down my shirt."

"He *is* trying to look down your shirt," said Achilles, from a distance. He was lounging in the shade (not that there was any sun) and observing, of all things, sheet music, carefully written out in Eurydice's hand. Was he trying to learn one of her songs?

"I'm doing no such thing," Patroclus said, then thought for a moment, then amended, "well, actually I am, but it is not for any ill reason."

"Whatever reason is it, then?"

Achilles, who had put his sheet music away, sighed extensively. "I told you we should have simply asked. Lad, do you recall when we once sparred and I asked you a question about the soul-mark on your chest?"

He recalled it, along with the half-sorrowful, half-dreamy look in Achilles' eyes during the conversation. "I also recall you saying later on that you have one of your own," he added, looking between Achilles and Patroclus, knowing it was something they shared. He wondered when the two of them had discovered it. Mortals, after all, were much more prone to wandering about unclothed.

"We *had* one of our own," Patroclus said, worrying Zagreus deeply for a moment before he tacked on, "we've now got two."

“As far as either of us can tell, it appeared when we entered the underworld,” Achilles said. “The reason we ask about yours, is that the new mark the two of us have glows the same way yours does.”

Before he had finished speaking, Zagreus was undoing his pauldron. How long had he spent wishing that his mark matched up with somebody like the two of them? It had been a consistent fantasy up until Achilles noticed his mark and looked so astonished by its appearance, Zagreus knew his could not match.

He shoved his chiton down to bare his shoulder and chest, catching it in the curve of his elbow. “So, um. Does it...?”

“Yes,” Patroclus said. “Want us to take off our armor and show you?”

Zagreus was partway through agreeing when Achilles barreled into him and embraced him, his bulk and his force throwing Zagreus off his feet. He would have fallen over if Achilles didn't hold him so tight. Since being reunited with Patroclus, Achilles had become much more tactile, but now he held Zagreus with a ferocity Zagreus usually only recognized as something the two of them shared.

His face was buried in Zagreus' shoulder, his hair tickling bare skin. One of his arms was thrown around Zagreus' shoulders, the other around his waist, and Zagreus held him in a similar manner, allowing him to be swept up in what he realized was the result of Achilles *longing* for him. What a strange thought.

"I cannot believe..." Achilles said, pulling back to look Zagreus in the eyes. He looked near-tears, but as joyful as Zagreus had ever seen him despite it. "You have been so dear to the both of us from the start, but the idea that the Fates saw to draw us together is nearly too wonderful to be the truth."

"Exactly wonderful enough, in my opinion," Patroclus said, tucking up against Zagreus' side now that Achilles had given him space. "Zagreus." His name was a rare and lovely thing from Patroclus' lips. Zagreus had never liked the sound of it more. "Let us kiss you and devote ourselves to you, and show you how much we love you."

And, well, who was he to say no to that?

Those first few kisses were gentle, exploratory, each of them kissing his mouth while the other told him sweet things. In turn, they pressed their hands over the mark on his chest, drawing a warmth to it that came from within.

Being with them, sinking into their arms, letting them touch him, was easy in part because they moved so well together. In this, Zagreus could feel snatches of how they would be when they kissed one another, Achilles stoking the flames of passion and Patroclus tempering it, turning it into something that had Zagreus shaking by the time they were through with him.

Honestly, the most difficult part was leaving the two of them there.

— — —

It had been a while since Zagreus had seen Patroclus and Achilles together—he'd spent time with each of them individually, lying in the glade trading kisses with Patroclus, joining Achilles in the courtyard to spar and flirt in equal measure. He'd been lucky enough to come across the both of them in the glade today, and was taking great joy in making his father wait on him for however long he decided to spend with the two of them.

Achilles had truly moved in, several of his things invading Patroclus' space, including a lyre which Zagreus had not known he played. As it turned out, he also had a lovely singing voice, and he was a much better music teacher than Orpheus (for as much as Zagreus liked Orpheus, the fact that the man's musical ability was god-given meant he was a little at a loss for how to teach somebody who was not talented in such a way).

Zagreus still was terrible at it, and his singing voice was worse, but occasionally Achilles touched his hands to move them into proper position on the strings, and occasionally he accompanied his praise for when Zagreus completed a piece with a kiss.

They were still practicing when Patroclus sat himself down just behind Zagreus, his sudden presence making Zagreus fumble with one of the strings and a dissonant *twang* ring out through the chamber.

"Oh, don't let me stop you," said Patroclus, who was sitting with his thighs bracketing Zagreus', the warm expanse of his chest against Zagreus' back. He settled his head onto Zagreus' shoulders, hands going around his waist. "It sounded like you were actually getting somewhere with that."

"It feels like *you're* trying to get somewhere," Zagreus said.

Patroclus hummed an agreement, his beard tickling as he nuzzled his face into Zagreus' neck. "You have us wanting you, stranger."

"I can't imagine what I'm doing to encourage that," Zagreus said, leaning back against Patroclus' chest and shrugging his shoulder to slip his chiton down, giving Patroclus more bare skin to kiss. He was grateful that he'd already taken off his pauldron.

"Your hands," Achilles said.

"Mm, he's right." Patroclus nosed beneath his jaw, his hands stroking up to Zagreus' chest. It meant one was cupping bare skin. "Watching your fingers move proves to be quite... enticing."

"When I'm as clumsy as I am?" Zagreus snorted. "Unlikely."

"Perhaps the lyre simply isn't the right use for them," Patroclus said.

"And what would you suggest?"

Patroclus pulled Zagreus more forcefully back against his chest, his mouth at Zagreus' ear, to keep Achilles from hearing what Patroclus told Zagreus he wanted him to do. "*Last I saw Achilles, I told him I was going to fuck him. I still intend to do that. If you'd be a dear and help me get him ready, I'd be obliged to find a way to thank you.*"

"Yes, please," Zagreus said, unable to keep himself from squirming in Patroclus' hold.

Achilles, who was not privy to this conversation, was pouting. "Patroclus, quit plotting against me," he said.

Patroclus did so, squeezing Zagreus' chest once more before releasing him. "Go, do what I told you," he said. "Don't make Achilles wait."

As if any part of him wanted to make Achilles wait.

He stripped off his chiton before going to Achilles, figuring it would only get in the way. He made to climb into Achilles' lap, having wanted to do that since he discovered he was the perfect size to, but Achilles stopped him, gripping his hips and holding him at arm's length.

"Let me undress first, lad. If Patroclus' plans haven't changed, well. It will be much easier if I'm unclothed. As much as some people enjoy hiking up my skirt and fucking me—" he said this over his shoulder while he undressed, clearly pointing it at Patroclus, although Zagreus too would be interested in hiking up Achilles' skirt and fucking him, "—it actually becomes quite cumbersome. Now, that's better."

Zagreus had never seen Achilles naked before, and, um. Wow.

He could've been distracted by his thighs or his hips or his *cock*, yeah, that was pretty distracting, but Zagreus found himself focused on Achilles' chest. Particularly on the pair of soul-marks, one bright and glowing like Zagreus' laurel, the other standing out dark against his skin.

"I know," said Patroclus, when he joined Zagreus. "It's quite a shame he hides under all those clothes."

"Wouldn't say that," Zagreus said. "I don't think anything would ever get done at the House if Achilles was standing about dressed in something much more revealing."

"Hush, you two," said Achilles, whose ears were turning red.

Patroclus pressed a small bottle into Zagreus' hand. "Achilles, our prince is going to ready you for me, if that's alright by you."



"More than," Achilles said, his eyes fixed on Zagreus.

Patroclus was the one who arranged them, Zagreus sitting with Achilles on his lap, Patroclus at Achilles' back. It meant Zagreus could pull Achilles in to kiss him while he opened him on his fingers, enjoying the little noises Achilles let out when Zagreus' fingers curled just right. Being a shade, Achilles probably did not need to be prepared very thoroughly for this, but Zagreus spent a long time like this, just to feel what it was like for Achilles to take his pleasure at Zagreus' hand.

He only stopped because Patroclus' seemingly-endless patience eventually ran out.

"Zagreus," he said, a rare instance of using his name. "While I do enjoy the effect you're having on our Achilles, I would still like to fuck him sometime." He sounded mild as always while he said it, his impatience mostly betrayed by the way he was grinding his cock against Achilles' ass. Patroclus, unfortunately, had not taken the time to undress, but his skirt, being so damn short, was much easier for him to shove out of the way to fuck Achilles.

Achilles' eyes rolled back when Patroclus' cock finally pressed into him, the force of his thrust making Achilles brace himself on Zagreus' shoulders. Zagreus shifted beneath them, wanting suddenly and desperately to have one of them in him instead. Both of them. However they wanted.

"Here," Achilles said, grasping Zag's shoulder a little firmer with one hand so that he could bend to tug Zag's leggings low enough to free his cock. "That's better, I'm sure," he said, but what was truly better was when Achilles started to stroke him.

Patroclus leaned over Achilles' shoulder to watch. "Want me to tug him back a little so he can suck you?" he asked.

"Oh! Yes, *ah*, I'll do it if you want."

It made Zagreus shiver, but he shook his head. "Maybe next time. I like listening to you, sir. And I... I like having you in my lap."

"He does sound pretty, doesn't he?" Patroclus was starting to sound affected, his voice deeper and more broken up by heavy breathing than usual.

Zagreus had trouble answering because Achilles had lowered his stance a little so that he could get a hand around Zagreus' cock and his own, stroking them off together. He pitched forward, pressing his forehead against Achilles's shoulder. There was no way he'd last. But considering the way Patroclus was feverishly repeating both their names and Achilles cock was spilling pre-come all over his hand and Zagreus' own, neither of them would last, either.

Achilles groaned and squeezed his hand a little tighter when Zagreus kissed him, not his mouth but his chest, just over the soul-mark that bound them together. He couldn't see Pat's, but he reached around Achilles to rest his hand where he knew it lay on Patroclus' chest.

He almost felt a heat flowing through his own mark as the three of them came, following one another into orgasm so close to one another that there was no telling in what order they finished.

There was only the innate sense of belonging with one another—something Zagreus' heart had always longed for with the two of them—and the deep satisfaction of knowing why.

"You too, lad," Achilles said.

"Very much," Patroclus agreed.

Zagreus belatedly realized he'd said he loved them.

Better say it once more, just for good measure.

### **Author's Note:**

Find me on twitter [@luddlestons](#) or on my NSFW twitter [@luddlessmut!](#)